The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

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Children's Day Number

The Universalist Leader

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Μιγμα

Socialism discourages thrift. Capital is only stored-up wages. The only permanent way that men can create work for themselves is by investing their money rather than by spending it. The world needs more capital instead of less capital. (*Roger Babson.*)

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When heresy breaks out at Princeton, the times of the end must be near at hand, in the language of the premillennialists. This university has long been regarded as the haven of Orthodoxy. Now the *Presbyterian* announces that Prof. E. G. Conklin, teacher of biology in Princeton, utterly rejects the supernatural "as the uncaused, undetermined and unlawful." Other heretics are also mentioned, particularly one in the field of psychology. There is not much left for the Orthodox student except the Bible Institutes in our various cities, since the last of the great universities shows signs of going over. (*The Christian Century.*)

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The Allies, with all their proposed and actual restrictions on Germany, never have suggested control of the basic industries that furnish the poisons that Germany undoubtedly will use if and when she fights again. The leading expert in the United States in chemical warfare has urged on the United States action in restraint of the German dyestuffs industry, and he does it precisely on the ground that so long as any nation is not subject to some law of definite production in this field it can not be said to be "disarmed" or be a safe neighbor or rival. He would have Germany disarm chemically as well as by land and sea. (*Advocate of Peace.*)

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Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt recently said of women's attitude towards disarmament: "If they do not fight for this greatest issue that ever came before the world, I can not maintain my faith in them." So will the world at large lose faith in the Christian women of to-day if they do not enter with insight and zeal into a campaign for the destruction of the whole war system and war idea. But that goal can not be accomplished by a few soft speeches and a few pretty maxims. It will take a long, hard fight—and she must plan her crusade on lines as intensive and extensive as did the W. C. T. U. in its great effort which resulted so victoriously. This is woman's first and greatest political task; and by no amount of fallacious reasoning can she evade its tremendous responsibility. She will, we believe, accept it with deep determination. (*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*)

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

Except ye become as a little child.

* *

Better far a genuine boy than a make-believe man.

* *

Do a little thinking with your heart on Children's Day.

* *

He who can make the baby laugh hath some good sermon material.

* *

Talk to the children if you would win the attention and interest of the old.

* *

The best insurance for the future of the Christian Church is to conserve the child life.

* *

He who is always impatient with the pleasures of youth is on the way to a lonesome old age.

* *

For your own sakes, dear parents, stop *sending* your little ones to Sunday school, and bring them.

* *

Children's Sunday is the day on which the children do not have to wait and eat at the second table.

* *

Weeds grow in the mind of youth as rank as in the garden, unless we keep ahead of them with flowers and fruits.

* *

The autocrat of the home is the baby; yet men continue to think they can become world autocrats through force.

* *

"Of a good beginning cometh a good end," is an ancient proverb it were well for all trainers of children to keep in mind.

* *

Do not imagine, because youth is sometimes restless under your attempts to settle mighty world problems, that he is indifferent to religion.

* *

Talking above the heads of your congregation may reveal how much you know of a certain subject, but it is sure to show how ignorant you are of human nature.

* *

The world will not go far astray if we let its problems rest, and center our thinking and feeling upon the problem right at hand in the lives of the little ones who are going to have bigger problems to solve than we ever dreamed of.

* *

The worth of life and the joy of living, a cheerful courage, a joyful faith and an unshaken confidence in the outcome of good, will serve as Children's Day themes, and some of us older people will find peace and comfort and inspiration.

* *

The best inheritance we can leave our children is a Church big enough and broad enough and strong enough to do the work of the age in which they are to live, and the chances are one hundred to one that it will be a different work than ours, if we do our own well.

* *

Tell the Story

It is astonishing how many traditions relative to the origin of Children's Sunday are current in the religious world. It is a tribute to the worth of the day that so many Churches are eager to claim parental rights. Because new little people and big are coming on every year, it is easy for some to be led astray by these many claims. Therefore we urge that at every observance of this festival in some way the story, which is history, be introduced, how the idea took form in the mind of Dean Leonard, then pastor of the Universalist Church in Chelsea, Mass., and was first realized in a special children's service in that church. That it has been adopted and adapted in so many churches of other denominations is testimony to its enduring value.

Dr. Sullivan H. McCollester

The life-span of Dr. McCollester, who has so recently passed on, covered nearly two-thirds of the life-span of the Universalist Church, and during most of that time he has been among the most devoted of its servants. He believed in the Universalist Church as the instrumentality through which the message of Christ was best to be given to humanity. With an open mind and a receptive spirit it was impossible for him to be narrow and sectarian, yet, in the most self-surrendering loyalty, he felt that his Church was big enough to shelter all the wants of man, and to it gave the best he had. As preacher and pastor and educator he won an enduring place in many hearts, and we who knew him personally are going to miss his genial and kindly presence. But he has done his work, which

lives after him; he goes to his reward, which he well deserves.

When the Flowers Bloom

Not the flowers in the conservatory, for they are abloom most of the year through, but those real flowers of the field and wood which sleep and wake at the call of Mother Nature. After all, for the right times and places and conditions, there is nothing quite so attractive as the wild flowers. They do not fit the high social function, where only the forced and artificial seems appropriate; but in their native place there is not money enough to buy them. If we can not bring them to us we can go to them. And that is what a real vacation means—getting into communion with the real things. Here are revealed the values of our Summer Meetings at Good Luck and Ferry Beach. We get near to nature and become ourselves more natural, and we find that the God we could not approach when we were all covered over with the armor of conventionality, has open arms to welcome us when we come with a flower of the field in our hand and a song of the bird in our heart. Think on these things when you plan for your summer vacation.

* *

THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILDREN

IN a recent visit of President Harding to New York, he was greeted with the plaudits of multitudes, the fleet of warships fired the presidential salute, and every ship afloat contributed its full measure of acclaiming noise. There were spectacular processions of marching soldiers, and in the memorial service to the five thousand who had died in the war over seas, the whole nation bowed with the President in sorrow. It was an occasion unprecedented in our history and of far-reaching significance.

But to Mr. Harding the most significant incident of that great day was when he passed between the rows of thousands of little children all dressed in simple white, and representing probably every country which has contributed to our composite citizenship. He was deeply stirred, and his spontaneous utterance at the close of the parade voices a very general feeling in the real American heart.

We should like to publish all that Mr. Harding said that day because of its bearing upon this Children's Day, but can only catch a phrase here and there, as, for instance: "I don't believe any one with responsibility can ride through such a company of American childhood without having a new resolve in his heart. I have resolved, my fellow Americans, that I want the children to have the same republic, the same liberty, the same rights, the same hopes, that we inherited from those who went before us. I want them to have our America, free, untrammeled, confident of itself. If you have ever had any doubt of the righteousness of the republic, if you have ever had any doubt of the wisdom of the founders, I ask you to turn to the picture of these children, garbed in essentially the same raiment, participating in the same salutations, glowing with the same laughter, cherishing the same hopes, rising in the hopefulness of youth to the same opportunity in life."

In the larger boundaries in which we think on our Children's Day—for the Christian religion in any of its thought and activities can never be limited to nationalities, it is a world program—just as our President detected in the child the most important factor in the nation's life, we are to find the chief agency of world construction in the children of the Church. On Children's Day the children marching before us, or under observation in conspicuous places, are sure to stir in our hearts feeling akin to those in the heart of President Harding. And we can say, and will say if we are wise, that no one with a sense of responsibility can look upon these little people without having a new resolve in his heart. And we can go a bit farther and say we not only want them to be Americans, but, with a larger vision, we want them to be Christians, not in any narrow sense, but with the mighty sense of human brotherhood which will mean the reign of peace and justice and love upon the whole earth.

The President saw the future of America in those little children; we can see the future of humanity in the group of children, many or few, who through our Church are to imbibe those principles of Christ which are world-creating and world-transforming.

Here is our challenge. Even as we do with our children, even so will the future do with our Church.

* *

THE SOFTER SILENCE

THERE is a voluntary human silence that is good-natured. Man may be temporarily speechless from other causes, from fear or anger, from being held up by another tongue at the crossing, or from a realized inability to make competent response. He may have silence imposed on him by religious custom, military discipline, or the court bailiff, according to the time and place, the choice or chance which may order or incline his steps. He may cease speaking for a time, finding his powers inadequate for competition with a larger noise. He may be struck dumb by accident, he may be temporarily overcome by chill of physique or temperament, by the bitter cold of winter or some extreme heat. Tears and convulsive sobs may stifle speech, laughter hold it back, surprise restrain its liberty, or sickness suspend its power.

But when there is a single soul with whom you know the comradeship of voluntary, good-natured silence; with whom possible conversation is withheld because contact satisfies with deep content; with whom language, if not all dead, is at least in a state of suspended animation; with whom you feel that words belong to minor affairs for which the dictaphone might easily suffice; with whom you experience a sense of understanding complete without the sound of tongue or touch of flesh—then you have known the heights where youth, physical or spiritual, is seldom met, the peace which eludes the turmoil of time and the deadly clutch of material routine, the mountain of transfiguration, where you too, if it were possible, would build tabernacles and remain. This is the softer silence to which souls sometimes may come through much tribulation, or burden of years, the vestibule of heaven, preventing the harp and promoting the harmony. Before it is the mystic veil, where seeking souls are divested of rituals, for only the initiated are admitted to the Holy of Holies.

Letters from God

A Sermon for Very Young Children by a Very Old Minister

"For lo, the winter is past, the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds has come." Song of Solomon 2 : 11-12.

JUST as when our friends far away send us little messages that show that they love and care for us, so in the Bible there are letters from God sent from His home to His children here in the earth, telling them of His love for them, pointing out the good gifts that He has sent and giving us directions how we ought to live to be happy. Many of us have looked upon the Bible as something we were obliged to read so much of, and we have not thought what it had to say. We have learned the verses that have been given us in Sunday school without thinking that they were messages to us from our Father who is in Heaven. But that is just what they are; they are letters He has written to each one of us, and when one of us has learned those tender and beautiful words, "God is Love," we have learned by heart a part of one of His letters to us.

We are very apt to think that everything we read in the Bible is intended for some one else and not for us, we are apt to think it has no special meaning to us. But I wish I could make every one see, from the oldest man to the youngest child, that His words are not for some one else but for the one who reads. Then when we read of our Father in Heaven we can say, *I* have a Father in Heaven, He is *my* Father, He is *my* friend, and He loves *me*—not alone those men who are so good and do so much, but poor helpless me who can do only so little, not alone those great men and women who are so strong, but He loves *me* though I am only a little child.

That is what the Bible is, not something for some one else who is older or knows more or is better, but for you, the youngest child in this congregation. God has written you a letter and it is in this Book, and if you can not read, when you get home get some one to read to you one of the letters that has been written to you, and as you hear it think that it was sent to you, whether you are little or big. Do not think you are hearing something that was sent to some one else, that you are reading a letter to some one else. It is your own, and when you come to listen to it in this way, as a letter from God to you, you will no longer be afraid of God, you will like Him and be glad to read His words.

When we look at the Bible in this way, as a bundle of letters from our Heavenly Father to His children, then we shall feel new interest in it, the stories will have new meaning, and will tell us more of God's love for us, and we shall grow to love Him with all our heart, soul and strength.

But these are not the only letters God has written to you. There is another very large book whose leaves are just now unfolded and written all over with messages to us. Did you ever see the page of a book before it was printed? It is all white and blank, there is nothing on it. When the words are written and printed upon it then we read it, and it tells us something. Do you not remember how only a little while ago the whole earth was all white, how as far as you could see over fields and roads and hills and woods there was this white covering, and it was all so still, like the white surface of a sheet of paper? Well, now you look out over the same fields and hills and woods, and the white snow is gone, but in its place there have come many colors. There are all the different shades of green, the brightness of flowers just now unfolding, and these different colors form letters that we can read, and they tell us of God's love for the world.

The book of nature, that which is spread out here over the fields, is as full of lessons for us to learn as is the book that lies here on this desk. I took my text from this Bible and it tells of the book out there in nature. Away back in time ever so many years ago, there was a very wise man—for those times—and he noticed the changes that were going on all the time in the world around him, and he read what they meant. And when the cold season of their winter was past and he saw the grass and trees and plants springing to life and making the world so glad in its beauty, he said, "Lo, the winter is over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, and the time of the singing of birds has come." That was said, as I have told you, a great many years ago, and in a country a great many hundreds of miles from here, far away over the ocean. We look back and we think Solomon was a very wise man, and yet he saw only what is around us for us to see, he read the same page that is spread before us to read, and the only difference between King Solomon of old and one of these little children is that he had learned how to read and the child has not, for the same things are transpiring here before our eyes that were moving before him; the same kind of changes are going on in the world.

Only a little while ago we all remember the winter season was upon us, the cold made the flowers retreat into the earth and the snows came and covered them. No sound of birds was heard. The brook that we like to watch as it ripples along over the stones was then covered with ice. But soon the sun grew warmer and the snow began to melt, the ice to break up, and then the world was all gray and bare; but soon there began to peep up out of the ground the little spears of grass, the buds on the trees began to swell and there was heard here and there a bird chirping. And as we looked around us we could see here in our country what the wise king saw away off in Palestine, and say with him, "Lo, the winter is over and past, the flowers appear upon the earth and the time of the singing of birds has come"—the season of summer, bringing all its wonderful changes and joys such as are known at no other time. Every day we see something new. The bud of yesterday is a flower to-day, the bare place is covered as with soft green velvet, and the falling flower of to-day will become fruit on the morrow.

Now if some one were to give you a very beautiful gift that was constantly changing you would enjoy it, and be very thankful. I remember the first kaleidoscope I had given me. You all know what that is,

the long box that you hold to your eye and see in it all kinds of beautifully colored stars. I remember, I say, the first one I ever had given me, how I used to sit and look and wonder at its thousands of changes —there never were two alike—and as I looked and enjoyed I felt that my friend was very good to give it to me, and I loved him for it, and wanted to do something for him in return for his goodness. Well, now it seems to me in the summer the world is like a great kaleidoscope. Every time we look there is something different, it is always changing, and this is the gift of the best Friend we have, sent to show us His love for us. He has put all these colors and beautiful forms into the world to make the world pleasant for us, not because He was obliged to. What would you think of the earth if the grass were all black and dismal, if there were no flowers and the birds had no song, and there were no colors in the clouds at sunset? Yet the world could have been made that way and been useful. But God chose to give us something we could enjoy, as well as that which we could use. He chose to make the world alive with color and the sounds of harmony. He chose to make it a pleasant thing to live; so He gave us eyes that we could see all these beauties, ears that we could hear all these sounds of music, and other senses that we could feel the pleasure of living.

If a friend should give you any little present you would be thankful and want to do something for him, That is the way children feel. They are fair-minded, they want to do unto others as they like to have others do unto them, and so if we can not give our friends anything else in return we give them our love, and we find that is, after all, the best thing that we can give, and they are more glad to get that than they would be to get the richest present that we could make.

Well, now, God our Father has given us all these beautiful things in the world that we enjoy so much. We never go out without finding something new and beautiful, and we are glad and happy. He has done all this because He loved us, and we can not feel that it is right for us to take it and make no acknowledgment of it. It would be selfish, when some one gave us something, to take it and never say a word but go off by ourselves where no one would see us and enjoy it. We want others to rejoice with us. So when God has given us all these things what is the proper and right thing for us to do? Is it right for us to take everything that comes to us and never say a word of thanks? Is it right to let God love us so truly and give us so many tokens of His love and never remember His kindness? We are all so careless we think these things are always in the world and all we have to do is to gather them. We do not think when we are out in the park and find a beautiful flower and pick it that it has bloomed for us, that it is God's gift to us. How seldom when we are out in the clear air and drinking in the pure sunshine do we say, This is God's gift to me, God loves me, and these beautiful things are for me from Him and with every season as it comes there are new and richer gifts that mean that God loves me. Such is the truth, little children and big—for however old we are we are God's children. These common things around us are gifts from God to us, and not alone do they come giving us pleasure, but they are, as I have said, messengers that come from Him bringing letters telling of His tender love.

Sometime when you are out pick a little leaf from the tree and look at it; see how nicely it is made. Look on the back side of it and you will see little ridges or lines running through it in all directions. Well, that is the frame work on which it is built. You know when men are going to build a house they make the frame of it first of big strong timbers. These are put up and then the covering of boards is put on.

So in this leaf there is the framework that holds it together. When you look at the leaf you think it is very wonderful, and you know you could not make one like it because you do not know enough. But God does, so you see He knows more than you do and that is what the leaf tells you first, that God knows more than you do. And then you go out somewhere and you see a great mountain that rises up and up until it almost touches the clouds, and you see you could not make a mountain, you are not strong enough. But God is. So the mountains tell you God is stronger than you are. Then sometime you are asked to give up something you think a good deal of for the sake of some one else, and you do not want to do it, you think you can not, you do not love enough. But God sent His son Jesus to the world, so you see He loves more than you do. Now from all these things you learn that God knows more than you, is stronger than you, and loves more than you; then you feel that you can trust yourself in His keeping, you feel that you are safe with Him.

If we would only think of these things when we are at our work or play, and feel that the world is not a blank page but is written all over with the messages of God's love to us, then we would be doing justice to God and would find our own lives becoming pure and better, and we should be so much happier. If we would only learn to read these letters God has written on the leaves of the trees and the flowers of the field, if we would only learn to listen to the messages that come from Him in the songs of birds and the ripple of the water in the brook, we should find life so much richer and more beautiful, we should see so much more than we have ever seen before.

God has written these letters to every one who is here, the youngest and the oldest, and we ought to learn to read them until we can know of His great love for us. We ought to learn to read them because He is telling us in them all the time what we ought to do to be happy. And not only has He sent us the letters that we should learn to read, but all the good gifts of life.

This is the message that comes to the children to-day: Now that the winter is past and the time of the singing of birds has come, listen to their songs as the messages God has sent to tell us of His love; now when the flowers have appeared upon the earth read in them the letters from our Father in Heaven.

* * *

"Could every time-worn heart but see thee once again,
A happy human child among the homes of men;
The age of doubt would pass, the vision of thy face
Would silently restore the childhood of the race."

The Reflections of Tertullian Browne

III. On Organizing the Soul

Tertullian Browne, though a parson, is a plain person who tries to think for himself. He has no "vested interests," belongs to no party, has no private axe to grind. So he looks out upon the world with a measure of detachment; and, in one way and another, gets a good deal of fun out of it. But he has convictions of his own which he likes to air. A streak of egoism leads him to suppose that some of his convictions may be worth airing; yet he would be very sorry to have any one held responsible for them but himself. He does not wish to persuade or to convince any one to his view; but he does very seriously want to challenge people to think. He dislikes all labels with a quite absurd intensity; and he believes that the deepest need in church and state to-day is the courage to overhaul the ancient passwords. Faith without works, we are told, is dead; faith without criticism is mere credulity, worse than dead.

I ALWAYS presumed myself to be a tolerably simple person until I met Freud. Since then, I have been trying, in a spirit of meekness, to accommodate myself to the dislocating fact that I am a bundle of complexes. In this museum or menagerie which Freud tells me I am, I have become a little shaky about my identity; and I have been keeping a sharp scrutiny of my dreams in order to discover my real self. To my great horror, I begin to suspect that I am a plain murderer. Before I read Freud, I hardly ever dreamed at all, and never dreamed anything which I could or was curious to recall the next morning. Now, a very dear friend of mine happens to hold a position which sometimes seems to me to be very desirable; and since I understood from Freud that dreams have something to do with suppressed desires, I have dreamed two or three times that my friend is dead. From this, on the Freudian canon, I can only infer that there is a potential homicide lurking in my "unconscious;" and naturally I am not at all happy about it. Perhaps I should be put away safely under lock and key.

Or is it perhaps only that I have Freud a little "on the brain?" In that case I am one of no mean company, though I hope that I have not caught the obsession as heavily as some folk whom I meet. In fact, Freud has become a sort of religion; and the outlines of the new theology are becoming evident. There is a new Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are superseded by the Ego-urge, the Hunger-urge and the Sex-urge. Original sin has become the Oedipus Complex; and the redemptive mystery is called psycho-analysis. The Psalmist said "Search me and know my ways" to God; nowadays he would say it to Dr. Tridon. The confessional-box has been transferred to the psycho-analyst's office. The old doctrine of "total depravity" is in a fair way of rehabilitation; for if Freud is to be believed, the "unconscious" even of a baby is a sort of cess-pool. The most self-depreciatory lamentations of the convicted sinner are not born of excessive morbidity; he might be still more vehemently self-contemptuous without going beyond the truth. A course of reading in Freud is indeed a swift corrective of inordinate vanity.

We are going to hear a good deal more about Freud; and there can be little doubt that psycho-analysis will play an increasing part in the treatment of mental and nervous disorder. But just now there seems to be a sort of Freud-mania in some circles; and Freud is being handed out to us as the one clue to human reality, the sole authentic reading of human nature. For my part, I decline to be stampeded by this idolatry. I will take my Freud with a pinch of salt. For while Freud has laid his hand on some very important truths concerning us poor men and women, he has let his doctrines run away with him; and many of his generalizations rest upon evidence wholly inadequate. In golf, it is a good rule to keep your eye on the ball; but in science and philosophy you have to keep your eyes all about you, or you will foozle your shot. Even in golf, keeping your eye on the ball does not absolve you from being pretty sure about the direction and the distance of the putting-green. But Freud has apparently been preoccupied with abnormal and morbid humanity; and while he has made large contributions to mental and nervous pathology, it is fantastic to suppose that he has evolved anything like a philosophy or even a complete psychology. Like most men who devote themselves to diagnosis, analysis, and criticism, he can not see the wood for the trees. When his findings are sufficiently related to the facts of life as a whole—so far as we know them—then we shall be sure that Freud is one of our benefactors. But meantime, some of his disciples appear to be bewitched and are saying things that they will some day be sorry for.

Of course, we did not need Freud to tell us that there was something wrong with human nature, and that some of the trouble was due to the perversion or the thwarting of certain natural human impulses. Freud's distinction lies in his effort towards a scientific analysis and classification of our inward disorders. With singular courage, he has explored the hidden and unknown world that we all carry around with us; and if in the heat of the chase, he sometimes falls over himself in this dark hinterland, who shall blame him? And if he states his conclusions about that mysterious inner world in language that shocks us from whom the truth about ourselves has been over-much draped in respectable theological formulae, may it not be good for us? Probably few of us are as realistic in our self-criticism as we might be.

That human nature is at odds with itself is an antique and hoary commonplace. Its classic expression is St. Paul's confession, "The good I would do that I do not; and the evil I would not, that I do." Nor is this a mere evangelical postulate. For you will find the same thing stated, in one form or another, by writers wholly devoid of evangelical bias, all the way down from Plato to Edward Carpenter. Indeed, Edward Carpenter has lately rediscovered the Garden of Eden, that aboriginal paradise of peace and harmony which was only lost when man became aware of his Ego; and that same Ego has gone on ever since breaking up the universe into little pieces. Somewhere, somehow, a seed of disintegration was dropped

into human nature. The Churches call it Sin; but whatever one calls it and whatever its nature may be, there can be no doubt of its reality or of its ravages. What Freud has done is to carry the simple Pauline analysis into greater and more devastating detail; and of this the result is to make our inward disorder vastly more complicated in appearance, but in some ways much less burdensome in fact.

Less burdensome—for we must henceforth regard much that passed as moral evil as the consequence of pathological states. It confirms the modern tendency to trace crime to mental deficiency; it requires us to ask whether public unrest does not spring from conditions that forbid the proper satisfaction of native human instincts. It compels us to confine terms like *Sin* and *Crime* to habits and acts of conscious and chosen wilfulness. At the same time, the frontier-line is not easy to draw; and the complications of outward stimulus or arrest with inward confusion and calculated wilfulness are infinite and intricate. The psycho-analyst will do well if he can straighten out the tangle in this soul and that; the sociologist will do well if he can devise the conditions which will provide for the full and balanced activity of natural human functions. But the final problem of human nature lies beyond both. The healing of man's manifold interior schism, the reintegration of his disjointed soul, calls for somewhat beside the psychological probing-needle or the sociological paradise.

There is, moreover, one side of us where the Freudian theories are hopelessly at sea. For when all is said and done, and we have sufficiently deplored the unspeakable earthiness and beastliness of human nature, the final human distinction is a certain nostalgia for the unattainable. What but this was it that sent the Greeks out on their great pioneering adventures in search of the Ideal, laying down as they went the high-roads along which the human intellect has journeyed ever since? What but this was it that kindled the flame in the prophet's soul and bade him call the multitude to share his vision and the discipline of life which the vision required? "The desire of the moth for the star," if you will. Yet it was this impulse that evoked the splendor of the Hellenic achievement in drama, building and sculpture, that quickened the vision of a Dante and a Milton, the harmonies of a Handel, that sustained the intense mental labor of an Augustine and an Aquinas. Some of the Freudians will have it that this vast religious impulse is a sort of derivative or emanation of the sex-urge. Far be it from me to minimize the part played by the sex-factor in history and even in the development of religion. Only a fool would do that. But there are fools of another kind in the world; and Freud might well pray to be saved from some of his friends. From "the desire of the moth for the star" we seem to be coming to the hankering of the star for the moth.

I have had in the last twenty-five years a very considerable experience of men and women; without boasting, I may even claim to have had opportunities of observing the human spirit in many of its states that have given me a knowledge of it that is like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, extensive and peculiar. Out of this experience, I have come to this: We are all incomplete and unfinished products. We are born a bundle of raw materials, the ingredients of personality. As we grow, these ingredients slowly disentangle themselves from the general mass and begin to live their own life. Yet not in unity; each is a law unto itself. From this comes the characteristic confusion of adolescence, in which, as Keats says in his preface to "Endymion," "the soul is in a ferment, the character is undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." And what I need is something that can unify me, gather me together, shepherd my wayward impulses and my untutored instincts into a single harmony, make the whole of me dance to the same tune.

Beyond this, I have also observed this process of unification taking place in youths and in grown men; and the deepest tragedy of life is that so many men do not pass through the critical experience which galvanizes the ingredients into a whole personality. The colorless negative life of the average man is the result of missing the spark that polarizes his impulses and fuses his instincts into a single longing. Of the reality of this experience there can be no question; its effective cause is not so easily explained. But it has always seemed to me to be the touch of an invisible hand, a shaft of light out of the unseen, a word which carries within it some transfiguring word of God. This experience—as miraculous yet as natural as the miracle of birth—it is, that transmutes a bundle of impulses into a personality. Call it the "soul's awakening," the "new birth," what you will; interpret it in religious fashion or explain it psychologically—it is a definite creative moment in the individual life. Moment, I say; and it may be or seem to be literally a moment; or the moment may last a space of years.

But even after this experience the soul is not secure against disintegration. I have observed men who started well degenerate; and in most cases the degeneracy is connected with purposelessness. Is it not a commonplace of experience how surely mental decay overtakes aimless people, how freakishness, crankiness, eccentricity, grow like weeds in societies which contain people with too much loose time on their hands? Go to Southern California—unfortunately becoming more and more the paradise of the idle—and you will find fancy religions growing like mushrooms overnight. Most of the half-witted and cranky cults that have had so luxuriant an efflorescence in these latter years sprout in soils made rank by aimlessness. Life can not be kept whole on a static basis.

Now, it seems to me that it is against a psychological background of this kind that we are to set Jesus' teaching about the Kingdom of God. He was thinking of an order of life realized by providing, first, a focus which should unify the individual's divided, subdivided, cross-divided self, and then an objective which should integrate him into another larger unity. The coming of the Kingdom of God is an experience which not only gathers up the disorganized spirit but calls the unified spirit to a vast creative task. It is at once a healing and an energy, redeeming and redemptive. For what a man realizes on the little stage of his own spirit, he goes out to create on the broad stage of the world's life; he is constrained to project his own inward peace and unity into the soul of the race.

The Universalist Publishing House

From the Report of the Manager

IN presenting this fifth annual report as your Manager, I feel the time has come to alter its character in conformity to changes, some of which began years ago, others of which are only now manifesting themselves.

Organized for the specific task of publishing and bookselling, and with only its commercial receipts to depend on, the Publishing House of necessity became a mercantile establishment, with Universalist individuals and churches as its customers. Making substantial profits for many years, it was able to build up a capital from its current business. Gradually this was increased by gifts and bequests from those desirous of increasing its stability and enlarging its usefulness. It became a cross between a business enterprise and a charitable institution, unable to get a fair business return on its investment or to command adequate support as a philanthropy.

This was the situation when you asked me to become your Manager five years ago, and there were not a few then who queried how long the Publishing House could go on without retrenchments that would seriously cripple its work. I told you then that I believed the time had come to put it definitely on a service basis, and without sacrificing business efficiency in operation to abandon the idea of commercial profit in our business. It was on that basis that we agreed to work together. I have tried to carry out that idea. You have given me constant and generous support, both as a Board and as individuals. I told the Massachusetts Convention the other day that it was an expensive luxury to be a Director of the Publishing House under the present management, pointing out that you and your associates have given nearly ten thousand dollars during the past five years to carry forward our work.

When we began work together we could not foresee certain denominational changes that were to affect us vitally, both in operation and finance. The concentration of denominational offices under this roof has made the Publishing House increasingly a partner in common activity rather than an independent enterprise. The report on changes of By-Laws to be presented to you later is the formal recognition of this change.

In comparing the present difference between our receipts and expenditures you must remember that some thousands of dollars in labor and expense have gone to pay for things we have done as a denominational partner and which in former times we should never have thought of doing as an independent publishing house. This report, therefore, becomes primarily a record of service.

We are passing through a period of absurd and illogical inflations in which no one can foresee either the cost of labor or material and oftentimes can not be sure whether he is paying more or less than others. You business men know what added burden and anxiety these conditions have imposed. The Manager does not care to predict easier conditions for the immediate future, but is frank to say that if there were to be many more years like the last one he would be tempted to resign here and now.

Under these circumstances we had to take our choice between saving ourselves from largely increased deficits by largely increased prices or carrying the denomination through the crisis, which was as difficult for our churches as for ourselves. I am proud to say we chose the latter course, and we have the unique distinction of being the only religious publishing house in the country that has neither lowered the quality of its output nor raised prices on its publications.

During the past year we have issued 34,100 books and pamphlets and 276,000 tracts and booklets for free distribution. This means by far the largest output of literature for several years, approximately three times that of last year. When we add to this the circulation of our periodicals, it means that we have issued and distributed one million pieces of Universalist literature during the year. This has been done largely under the direction of the Committee on Literature, appointed by the Trustees of the General Convention, and of which Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., is chairman.

The Universalist Leader

Nineteen-twenty will go down in the history of religious journalism as a year of loss amounting in some cases to disastrous proportions. We shall the better understand our own situation if we know something of what has happened to our contemporaries. A few years ago one of the leading Churches consolidated two papers, and now has less than half the former combined circulation. Another has dropped from 22,000 to 9,000 in three years. Another denominational organ has succeeded in building up a subscription list of only about half of one per cent of its enrolled church membership. Another dropped twenty-five per cent of its first expirations this year.

From August, 1918, to April, 1921, the *Universalist Leader* has gained nearly fifty per cent in circulation. The present circulation, though far from satisfactory to your Manager, represents a larger percentage of its constituency than that of any other denominational paper that I know.

Last year your Manager told you he saw no way to avoid raising the subscription price of the *Leader* to $3.00, and with your approval the announcement of the change was made, to take effect January 1st, 1921. The Universalist Comrades, who have undertaken to make the increased circulation one of their especial tasks, asked us to postpone advancing the price, and it seemed that such advance might also seriously hamper the progress of the Murray Crusade. There seemed nothing to do but to respond to these requests. I don't know what the result of an advance might have been, but I do know the result of no advance has been to carry the Laymen's Movement and the Murray Crusade forward with increasing momentum.

Last year we received from the Drive $12,000,

and spent it all on the *Leader*, in addition to what we had been spending before. Perhaps nothing more graphically expresses our changed relation to the denomination than that instead of their paying us a profit on the *Leader* we gave them for $2.00 a paper that cost us nearly $5.00 to produce.

The Sunday School Helper

The *Helper* has remained under the editorship of Dr. Adams and serves a large percentage of our schools too small or not properly organized to use graded lessons effectively. Its circulation has gained slightly because nearly all our Sunday schools are gaining in membership and some twenty-five new schools have been established during the year.

The Myrtle

What has been said of the *Helper* applies equally to the *Myrtle*. These two periodicals represent one of our most vital services to our Church, since they meet the needs of those least able to provide for themselves in other ways.

Armenian Offering

During the year the Publishing House has acted as the receiving agent for the Committee on the Special Offering for the Armenian Orphans. In addition to preparing, printing, and distributing most of the material, as well as giving large amounts of space through the *Leader*, about $40,000 of the $70,000 raised has passed through our hands. Miss Chase has carried the entire bookkeeping detail as her personal contribution to the cause, giving to it many long hours of generous service.

Western Headquarters

We joined the General Convention and other denominational bodies in establishing a Western Headquarters in St. Paul's Church, Chicago. We were fortunate in securing Miss Louisa M. Magraw of our Lynn church to take charge of the office. She carries to her work the spirit of a missionary and the intelligence of a well-trained office executive.

As I told you last year, this will not show any direct commercial returns, but we are doing few more valuable things to unify and enlarge our constituency. The net expense to the Publishing House will probably be in the vicinity of $800 per year.

Fellow-Workers

I must again try to express a little of what the Publishing House and its Manager owe to those who carry the daily burden of its work. They bring to it a personal loyalty and devotion beyond price. In the event of illness or other necessary absence they carry each other's work as a matter of course. During the year we have loaned Dr. Bisbee to the General Convention for six months' missionary work in Florida and all concerned carried on for his sake and for the sake of the Church. Our working hours are determined by the work, not the clock. It is much more than a figure of speech when we call ourselves "the Universalist Publishing House family."

Conclusion

When I became your Manager, I told you it would take five years to work out the necessary readjustments which were then apparent. I tell you to-day it will take another five years to do the things now in sight. I hope then to see at least another five years' work ahead.

The next five years, however, should see the Publishing House equipped to do more and better work than ever before in its history. To have accomplished that in these times of multiplying difficulties and serious recessions is an achievement in which we may well take a pardonable pride.

Respectfully submitted,
Harold Marshall, Manager.

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TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1921

Business Receipts

Regular periodicals		$20,133.98	
Books, lessons, supplies, etc		19,075.55	
From Treasurer, income of special funds		2,135.42	
		$41,344.95	
From Treasurer, income of funds		5,726.08	
			$47,071.03
From "Drive"		$15,000.00	
From Treasurer, to cover net loss 1920-21		1,387.33	
			$16,387.33
			$63,458.36

Business Payments

Regular publications		$42,455.24	
Books, lessons, supplies, etc.		23,776.65	
		$66,231.89	
Less, increase in business assets		2,773.53	
Net cost of business of year			$63,458.36

Investment Receipts

Interest	$ 5,049.45		
Rents	2,544.31		
		$7,593.76	
Used of accumulated income	$ 778.74		
Borrowed to meet this year's loss	1,387.33		
		$2,166.07	
Received of General Convention for "Drive"		$18,000.00	
			$27,759.83

Investment Payments

Annuities	$ 283.00		
Comins Fund	145.00		
Unexpended, Tyler Fund	5.50		
Expenses of Treasurer	77.50		
			$ 511.00

To Manager

Income, Mission Publication Fund	$ 598.33		
Income, Barnum Fund	1,244.09		
Income, Tyler Fund	2.00		
Income, *Leader* life subscriptions	291.00		
		$ 2,135.42	
Income, Sundry Publication Funds	$ 5,726.08		
"Drive" for 1919-20 expenses	3,000.00		
"Drive" for 1920-21 expenses	15,000.00		
To balance, loss of business	1,387.33		
		$25,113.41	
			$27,248.83
			$27,759.83

Capital Increased as Follows

Clarissa L. and Albert Crane Fund	$11,369.11	
The Luther and Mary Gilbert Fund	10,000.00	
Dora S. Clark, Vernon, N. Y.	250.00	
Sundry life subscriptions to *Leader*	500.00	
Endowment funds, *Leader*	269.11	
Comins Fund added to	40.00	
	$22,428.22	

Capital Stands as Follows

Funds given by individuals	$247,753.63	
General Funds	45,000.00	
Capital gain on investments	756.24	
	$293,509.87	
Accumulated income	615.20	
	$294,125.07	
Business losses	3,394.15	
		$290,730.92

Assets of the Corporation Are

Equity in real estate, Boylston St.	$130,735.90	
Business Investment	20,543.20	
Bonds	121,472.30	
Bank Deposits	16,627.83	
Unearned insurance	1,351.69	
		$290,730.92

* * *

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS*

Nellie M. Campbell

ALL mankind are "endowed with certain unalienable rights," among them "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

A restless Southern matron was one day bitterly complaining to her old mammy of her disappointment in not being able to join a gay party on a trip to New York. The old mammy answered, "What! Leave yo nice home, yo good man and yo lubly chillun! Youse got to lug yoself 'round, honey, wharever you go." Her answer is a fundamental truth, the recognition of which is the basis for a happy life. We may escape from other people and things, but never from ourselves.

"Know thyself," said Socrates, but he did not explain that it was a life-long process of getting acquainted, nor did he tell us that the acquaintance is delightful only in the measure that we interpret happily our experiences. We have two minds, the conscious and the sub-conscious. The sub-conscious mind can be trained to store up happiness for us even while the conscious mind is busy with the cares and sorrows of life.

Do you read happy stories like those of Bret Harte and Bayard Taylor, for example? Bret Harte cleverly illustrated how good things may come out of Nazareth. Taylor wrote of his travels in foreign lands with a depth of brotherhood and understanding which if it could be emulated in our dealings with other countries would make a peace compact as ideal as that of William Penn with the Indians. These writers may not rank among the masters of literature, but they give us an understanding of the common lot and aims of the people who are "just folks."

*From a paper given at a conference meeting in Theological School Chapel, St. Lawrence University.

It is said that Lewis Carroll, who wrote that book of delightful nonsense, "Alice in Wonderland," was a mathematician and cared to be known only as such. But it is as the author of "Alice in Wonderland" that he lives to give pleasure to millions of children and grown-ups who never heard or cared about his mathematical struggles.

Oliver Wendell Holmes said on one occasion, "And I still never dare to write as funny as I can." There lingers even now much of the old idea that to be frankly, genuinely happy is neither conventional nor Christian. Yet Christ was happy. His feeling of good fellowship drew to him followers from all classes of society, for there is a freemasonry among happy people puzzling to those outside their ranks.

Zacchaeus, the publican, tax gatherer, agile, shrewd, whimsical, when he heard that Jesus was coming wanted to see him. So he climbed a tree and peeped down through the branches, eager to take in all the details. Jesus spied him, and I know an appreciative smile of mutual understanding passed between them, for Jesus impulsively said, "Zacchaeus, come down, for to-day I must abide in thy house."

Perhaps you are wondering if this is another "Pollyanna" story. What of those troubled souls who can not find their life's work! Patrick Henry failed five times before he became an orator. Grant was a failure until he became a general.

Does position always bring happiness? "A President pays dearly for his White House. Of a truth it is not a good place save for burden-bearers," said Newell Dwight Hillis. Think of the trials of Washingon, Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Wilson. A casual survey assures one that "burden-bearers" is the right term. Yet Roosevelt's "Delighted" and smile have brightened the world. McKinley's quiet, deep, happy nature can best be gauged by his command to the crowd who would have harmed his assassin, "Let no man hurt him."

What is the secret of happiness, and where is it, after all? If you would have it, don't pursue it. If you should try to journey to the end of the rainbow, the colors would fade before your eyes. Cage a song-bird and it will die. So in life, a smile in sorrow makes a rainbow, and strength of character trees for the song birds. The kingdom of happiness, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within yourself.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Seeking a Sign

THERE is a certain city and its name is Smithville. And the men of that town got busy, and they said, We will put this town upon the map. And they raised Fifteen hundred shekels. And they set up a great Sign where the Railroad Tracks crossed, that he who ran might read. And the sign said:

Watch Smithville Grow
Greatest Railway Center on Earth
For Information About Factory Sites and Home Sites Write to the Secretary of the Smithville Board of Trade

And they sat down to Watch Smithville Grow.

And they greatly admired their Sign and they bowed down before it and worshiped it. And the Electrick Light Company fitted it up with lights, and furnished the juice free, for they thought that Sleeping Car Passengers would wake up in the night in order that they might Watch Smithville Grow.

And they hired a damsel whose name was Marguerite, but whom everybody knew as Maggie Perkins, who was the daughter of the Druggist, that she should answer Letters of Inquiry, for she could punish a typewriter. And they fitted up an office on the Second Floor of the Smithville First National Bank. And they had letters of gold upon the window, saying, Smithville Board of Trade. And they expected Maggie to have writer's cramp answering the letters of inquiry.

And Maggie had nothing to do but to chew her gum and powder her nose and make dates over the telephone for the movies. For none of the thousands of passengers who rode through Smithville on the two railroads cared an Hoot whether Smithville grew or not.

Now about this time I visited Smithville, and they desired me to deliver an Address. And I said unto them,

It doth pay to advertise provided thou hast the Goods. But I do not watch Smithville grow. This is the evil and adulterous generation that doth seek for a Sign, and the only Sign that shall be given it is the Sign of the prophet Jonah, preaching and saying, If indeed ye desire that Smithville shall grow, then do something to make people want to come hither. Improve your schools. Pave your streets. Paint up your houses and clean up your vacant lots. Destroy the weeds that grow everywhere, and plant flowers or green grass. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for an Electrick Sign that is Nothing to Write Home About? Ye do worship an Electrick Sign, behold it is left unto you desolate. You have proclaimed with great boasting the glories of your town, and have never done a Blooming Thing to make any one want to live in your town.

And a few weeks thereafter they sent me a marked copy of their Local Paper. And they were having a Clean Up and Paint Up week. And they were discussing the Paving of the Streets. And they were redecorating the House of God, and adding an hundred shekels to the stipend of the Minister, and their School Committee was considering how to improve the School. And I sighed when I thought of Maggie; for if this thing keepeth on, Maggie may have to get busy. For Smithville is really beginning to grow.

* * *

THE REV. SULLIVAN H. McCOLLESTER, D. D.

1826-1921

A strong, gentle, patient, faithful soul has enriched the world's life for many years. Now, ripened by service and sunshine, he has been gathered into that other life which to him has ever been a glorified reality. We can only say it is well—well with him, and well with us. To us memory's riches, to him, hopes realized. Death is not always cruel; sometimes it comes as sweetly and is as welcome as the shadows of evening at the close of day. It is time. So did death come to this good man and worthy minister; after the long day of living, the evening came and he laid him down to rest.

Sullivan Holman McCollester was born in Marlboro, N. H., Dec. 18, 1826, the son of Silas and Achsah McCollester. He worked on the farm and later in the pail shop owned by his father, taking whatever school advantages were offered in the town, and later attended academies in the nearby towns. When fitted for college, he entered Norwich University and graduated in 1850. In 1853 he received the degree of A. M. from the same school. Before going to college he taught in district schools in New Hampshire, but after graduation became principal of Walpole, N. H., Academy 1850-53, Mt. Caesar Seminary, Swansey, 1853-58, Valley Seminary 1858-62. From here he was called to Westbrook Seminary, where he served as principal from 1862 to '69, and during this time in Westbrook he increased the school from sixty students to over two hundred and had the charter changed so as to give opportunities to women. In 1872 he was made the first president of Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio, and continued here until his health failed in 1878.

While a teacher in New Hampshire he became a lay preacher and at length an ordained minister of the Universalist denomination. His family had been Baptists, but as some of the noted early Universalist ministers, particularly Hosea Ballou, who was born in a neighboring town, frequently came to Marlboro, he became interested in the Universalist interpretation. His whole family ultimately became Universalists and supporters of the Universalist church of the town. He was ordained in 1853 and preached in Westmoreland and Chesterfield and all through that region until he went to Westbrook Seminary. He studied for the ministry, as was common in those days, with some of the Universalist preachers, and for a time was a student in Harvard Divinity School.

After leaving Westbrook Seminary he became pastor of the Universalist church at Nashua, where he had a notable ministry until called to Buchtel College. While in Ohio, he was constantly preaching and lecturing throughout the state, and it was partly this overwork which compelled him to take a rest. After his return from a year in Europe he became minister at Bellows Falls, Vermont, and built the Universalist church. Later he was the first minister of the Pierce Memorial Church at Dover. In 1886 he gave up definite settlements and became minister and educator at large; making his home in Marlboro on the home place.

Among the passions of his life was that of travel. He sacrificed much that he might visit various parts of the world, particularly those which were connected with classic and sacred history. He was twice in shipwreck, once in the Chinese Sea in a typhoon and once near Bermuda when the ship struck a coral reef and was a total loss. He had likewise traveled much in this country, and in all his travels he was constantly making a study of social, political, and historic conditions. As a result of this travel and study he devoted a good deal of his time to lecturing, and wrote several books, publishing "Afterthoughts of Foreign Travel," 1882, "Babylon and Nineveh," 1892, "Around the Globe," 1893, "Mexico Old and New," 1899.

While living in Marlboro he was a member of the Legislature for two or three terms.

In 1852 he married Sophia Fannie Knight, daughter of Joel and Fannie Knight, strong Universalists at Dummerston, Vt. They became acquainted at the seminary at West Brattleboro where Dr. John S. Lee was minister. She was associated with her husband in teaching, being especially a good teacher in the languages. She died in 1900. Four children were born to them, only one living to grow up, the Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., now Dean of Crane Theological School. Besides a daughter-in-law, he also left two grandchildren, Catharine and Parker McCollester. Dr. McCollester was married a second time in 1903 to Emma Parker of Natick, Mass., and several years after her death to Elizabeth E. Randall of Waltham, Mass., who died a few years ago.

On Friday, April 22, Dr. McCollester attended a funeral in Keene, and on the 23d superintended the trimming of trees in his orchard. On the 24th he was taken suddenly ill, and on the 26th went to the hospital at Keene, where an emergency operation was performed. From this he rallied. Another operation was performed on May 20, but from this he did not rally, and died on Sunday morning, May 22, at the Keene Hospital.

The last services were held at Marlboro. The family services were conducted by Dr. V. E. Tomlinson of Worcester, who was an old student at Ohio, and a classmate of Dr. McCollester's son. The public services were held in the Universalist church, conducted by Dr. Sias, pastor of the Universalist church, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Weston of the Methodist Church and Mr. Long of the Congregational Church. The Rev. M. J. Cutler of East Jaffrey and Dr. Johonnot of Bellows Falls assisted in the services. The personal address was made by Dr. Tomlinson, who reviewed the life of Dr. McCollester and emphasized his contributions to religion and education and public life. The day was most beautiful, the country he loved at its best. Representatives from the towns around about and from Massachusetts and Vermont gathered, and the body was laid in the family lot.

The Universalist Church is deeply indebted to Dr. McCollester for the religious and educational service he rendered in the days when it required heroism as well as talent to preach and teach. He would be ranked among the conservatives of his later life, but during the period of his greatest activity his passion was to know for himself the latest and best along the lines of religious and educational progress. He was a leader especially of the young, not only through what he knew and was constantly learning, but through a personality of winning quality. When he became a Universalist he entered into it with all his might, and, though broadminded, welcoming the truth from all sources, he stood faithful to his Church without wavering, feeling sure it was big enough to embrace all the useful and the good, and that through it he could render the truest service.

Those who knew him as a friend will cherish his memory as an upright and honorable man, whose gentle manner adorned but did not hide that integrity of character which is the mark of Christian manhood and manhood's Christianity. Such as he, under God, has laid the foundation and we are to build thereon.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Charles A. Alden

JUNE 19—MAKING THE SOCIAL ORDER CHRISTIAN

Luke 4 : 16-21; Matthew 25 : 34-40

Rational Definitions

For a long time and in several places, it has been my privilege to announce two slogans for one Universalist pulpit. They have been worked out as defining a dependable attitude, which seemed essential to our standing for anything. Others may have better ones. These are only suggestive. They are: First—This pulpit will not step on anybody's toes for the sake of stepping on them, neither will it keep quiet on any subject for the sake of keeping off of them; Second—We give to every question under discussion the best answer we have. Our answer is right—or else—there is a better answer somewhere. And if you have that better answer, we are more anxious to get it than you can be to give it. As a sequence to these we have also set certain definitions that people may know what we mean by certain religious terms. We define God as Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love. We define Christ as not merely the spirit incarnate in Jesus, but as the inherent and potential incarnation of the spirit of Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love in every one of God's children. We define the Holy Spirit (the only Holy Spirit the world has ever known) as the Spirit of the Whole, the community or common consciousness, growing in the souls of men toward a realization of Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love in human character and conduct. When, therefore, we talk about such a passage of scripture as constitutes our lesson for to-day, we talk with these things thus defined. These are here set down because in the lesson of last Sunday and that of to-day, we have presented the prophecies of what God in Christ and by the Holy Spirit shall reveal in mankind. Justice and peace are more inextricably interwoven with the things herein set forth as a lesson text (for the two Sundays) than is the Covenant of the League of Nations with the Versailles treaty.

Contrast and Adjustment

Much of the scripture concerns the continued struggle of the spiritual and the material views of life. The two are contrasted from almost every imaginable angle of approach. In this lesson the thought of their possible reconciliation is presented. The material is not ignored but is made subordinate to the spiritual. Yet the action of the spiritual is made visible through material conditions and instruments. The result of the dominating spirit, inherent in human nature, ever seeking the expression of Power, Wisdom, Justice, and Love, is not left indefinite or mysterious. It is good tidings to the poor. It is not indicated that this is merely a spiritual message of any world beyond, but has also a meaning of a glad gospel even concerned with wages and hours of work. The question of an enduring social order must ever depend on satisfied participants. The feeling of injustice on the part of the poor has far more to do with their unrest (and the consequent inability to rest among those not so handicapped in material affairs) than has any greed. The sense of social justice is the twin of Power, Wisdom, and Love. Captivity of human souls is more damaging to the captors than to the captives. It is weakness, folly, and selfishness (which is always minus Love) to hold human souls in captivity. Negro slavery was worse for the owners than for the slaves. Release is of mutual benefit. The just know no other lust. Recovery of sight to the blind sounds like a physical remedy. But the spiritual blindness calls more loudly for a cure. "None are so blind as those who won't see." Liberty for the bruised is a significant phrase never yet fully emphasized. Picture the man on the Jericho road—left there wounded and half dead. What is liberty for him? Merely the care of the remunerated inn-keeper? Nay, his pain and his economic loss of time must be taken into account. Society, content merely to pay the inn-keeper, is not righteous. Society that makes the Jericho road safe for him to travel in the future is performing the minimum of righteousness.

Spiritual Thumb Prints

Now take the New Testament picture of conditions on which judgment must pass. Note how these details correspond with the items of the evidence of the Spirit as Jesus reads them from the prophecy of Isaiah. Go back to last Sunday's lesson and read the items of the prophecy of Jesus' coming. Add the thought of the followers of Jesus "receiving power," as there also quoted. Power for what? To do things that the "whole" are not concerned with? That sounds rather ridiculous, doesn't it? Nay, the prophecy of Jesus coming "out of the stock of Jesse," the selection of scripture which he makes, the coming of power at Pentecost, and the basis of judgment, all signify the spirit of a practical religion in which the spiritual and the material instruments through which it is to be made manifest all are adjusted in perfect harmony. To be Christian, the social order must manifest the Christ, inherent by nature in all human beings, expressing Power, Wisdom, Justice and Love. There is no trouble in identifying the Spirit in human character and human conduct. There is never any need of a label. The man who smiles does not need to carry a banner bearing the motto: "I am smiling." The banner induces smiles of another kind.

Method of Propaganda

There still remains the very important matter of how to preach this gospel. Shall the Church busy itself with the problems of industry (for a social example) detailing and cataloguing the stagnant pools of injustice? Or shall it preach the constructive gospel as Jesus did, and show somehow and somewhere "This scripture this day fulfilled." Pulpit and press that are publishing all exemplifications of justice, as in industry, are perhaps accomplishing more than all the forums of denunciation. To scold is old. To demonstrate is to best remonstrate. "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world." Where the Spirit of the Lord (Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love) is, there is vision (without which "the people perish") and not blindness, and there is liberty both for the captive and the bruised. When society has the habit of helpfulness the social order will be Christian.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

LOST CHILDREN

My dears, I do not know the day
(And yet it seems it should be plain)
We heard your footsteps go away,
Never to enter in again.

We only know that you are gone;
Perhaps we grew too grave for you
And hung away your frock of lawn
And hid your gallant coat of blue;

For, though we seek from town to town
Through all the world of boys and girls,
We shall not find your braids of brown,
Your head of flying yellow curls.

But I have sought to beckon you
From that far play world where you hide
(Perhaps where all the violets blue
You used to go to find abide),

So that one hour we, too, may know
Within our hearts your laughter plain,
We who were you too long ago,
And never can be you again.

Margaret Widdemer, in Youth's Companion.

THE HAPPINESS KEY

ONE day when Mary Lou was going on an errand she saw something shining bright and yellow in the little path in front of her. She bounced on it and picked it up. "Some kind of a key," she said. "A funny kind!"

The little key was of brass. Its handle was in the form of two fat cupids with roses round them, and its stem was hollow. It ended in a queer little square.

Mary Lou took it home and showed it to her mother.

"I never saw a key just like that," her mother said. "What can it belong to? Perhaps some one will advertise in the paper for it."

But though Mary Lou read the Lost and Found column for a month, she could not find any one who had lost a little key with cupids at one end and a square at the other. At last she put the key on a piece of yellow ribbon and hung it round her neck. Then, since she was a fanciful little girl, she began to pretend all sorts of things about it. She pretended that it was the key to an enchanted garden, to a magic room, to a princess's trunk that had gone astray, to a king's castle—to all sorts of things.

She tried it in every keyhole she could find—in the keyhole of the piano, of the sewing machine, of the linen closet, the cedar chest and many other things.

"Never mind," she said at last. "It's my happiness key, any way. It's bound to belong somewhere, and one of these days it's going to unlock something beautiful."

"Mary Lou," said her mother one day, "I'm going to take you to call on some people who moved into town only a few weeks ago. There is a little lame boy in the family. He may get well after a while, but just now he can not walk at all and is very restless and unhappy, they say. You must do what you can, Mary Lou, to cheer him up."

"I will," Mary Lou promised. "Indeed I will!"

She did her best, but the little boy, whose name was Horace, was hard to amuse. He sat by a window with his books and playthings round him, but he was tired of them all.

Mary Lou made funny rag dolls out of her handkerchief, and he did laugh at that, but he soon grew sad again. Mary Lou was sorry. She felt that she could not sit there and see him staring so wistfully at the boys who were playing ball in the back lot.

Then all at once an idea came to her. She tugged at a yellow ribbon round her neck. "Did you ever see a happiness key?" she asked.

Horace turned his sad eyes away from the window. "A what kind of key?" he asked.

"Happiness," she answered. Then she told him all her fancies about the key.

But the boy was too tired to play make-believe.

"Perhaps it will unlock something real," he said. "You might try the locks in this room. Though, of course," he added, "there is really no use in trying."

Mary Lou slipped out of her chair at once and began to experiment. She tried the key on several drawers in succession, but it was not long enough for any of them. Then she tried it in the door, but there it went in too far. It slipped into the keyhole as far as the fat cupids. She even tried it very carefully on the eight-day clock.

Horace watched her solemnly. "It won't work, you see," he said at last as he took the key and turned it over in his fingers. "It won't work at all."

Mary Lou could not help feeling disappointed in the happiness key. It was not making the boy happy, that was certain. Well, perhaps she was expecting too much from a stray key that she had picked up in a path.

Presently her eye fell on a box that was pushed back under some papers on a shelf.

"What's that?" Mary Lou asked suddenly.

"What's what?" the boy said in a listless tone.

"That box," said Mary Lou, pointing.

"I suppose it's a music box," Horace said. "I had forgotten all about it. A lady sent it to me when she heard I was lame. But it won't play."

"Why won't it play?" asked Mary Lou eagerly.

"Because there's nothing to start it with. And now the lady's moved away, and we can't find out about it. Something is lost or missing."

Mary Lou turned the box round and round. "It must play," she said. "It must make music for us. Oh, if it only would!"

Then she saw suddenly a small hole at one side of the box. She looked at it closer.

"Give me the happiness key!" she said.

Horace handed it to her with a look of surprise

and she thrust it hurriedly into the little square hole.

"It fits!" she cried.

Horace sat up straight in his chair.

"Turn it!" he cried. And Mary Lou turned and turned and turned. She grew quite red in the face; her heart beat fast.

Then all at once she had her reward. The cylinder began to turn slowly. And an instant later, a clear, sweet tinkling began. The little music box was playing!

It played and played. At first the music went as clear and tinkling as water over stones; then it sounded like sheep bells in a pasture; then it swelled and deepened into a real tune, a lovely, rollicking, frolicking tune that went on and on and on, more beautiful with every note.

Horace, whose cheeks were now glowing with pleasure, beat time on the arm of his chair, and his guest caught hold of her skirts and danced.

"I knew it was a happiness key!" cried Mary Lou. "I knew it all the time!"—*Eleanor Fairchild Pease, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

POETRY AND THE TOOTH-BRUSH

THE twins, Teapot and Coffeepot, dashed madly up the street pursued by Mr. Milk Bottle wielding his cat o' nine milk bottles over their backs. With each lash he cried: "At least a pint of milk a day. At least a pint of milk a day."

The inseparable chums Oatmeal and Double-Boiler were much disturbed at the fracas. Brown Bread and Glass O' Water shrank out of the way as the twins dashed by.

Dressed in their spring togs, Paddy Spinach, Charlie Carrot, Bobby Onion, Henry Pea, Sammy String Bean, Billy Beet, and Tom Celery tripped demurely along Fifth Avenue amid the shouts of the delighted youngsters who lined the curb. "Oh, look," cried one urchin, "why, they're vegetables. And milk is chasing coffee."

These were some of the characters in the health division of the boys' parade held recently in New York City. It was in charge of the Child Health Organization of America which conceived the plan of personifying the idea that the right kind of food is good for growing boys and girls. That the dramatic value of this plan was realized was evidenced by the shouts and comments along the line that greeted Judge Scales, Double Boiler, Tom Celery and the rest of the vegetable clan.

This demonstration represents the new movement in health education—the idea of making health teaching absorbingly interesting through an understanding of child life and child psychology. Dry lists of bones and long treatises upon the evil of tobacco! The shades of the schoolrooms of a few years ago rise up in horror. "Hygiene," exclaimed one tow-headed child. "Hygiene! Why that's a book." And so it has been, something dull and dusty with no relation whatever to the intense, thrilling life of the child crowded with new impressions and fresh sensations.

Now all that is being changed. Healthland is beginning to take its place with the Land of Oz and other places where nymphs and fairies dwell. There is, of course, our old favorite Cho-Cho, of the Child Health Organization, a real, cross-my-heart circus clown, who with his antics impresses sound health doctrines upon his young hearers, such as sleeping long hours with the windows open, at least one bath a week, milk instead of tea and coffee, brush the teeth each day, and other simple rules. One little girl wrote to Cho-Cho, "Most people just talk and talk, but you make it so plain and interesting." There are many other mysterious folk in the band-box of the Child Health Organization. Among them is the Jolly Jester who comes prancing from Healthland on a hobby horse, and the Health Fairy with silver, flashing wings and a gown made of the tissue of moonlight and star dust. Even Rotary clubs are captivated by Happy, the whimsical sprite, a half-brother to Ichabod Crane, with his long legs, long nose and flapping blue and orange coat-tails. He pops from a trunk, opens his magic umbrella, and peers with a droll expression at the children. And there are such charming fairy tales, as The Magic Oat Field, The Wonderful Window, and The House the Children Built, published by the organization, which any child would delight in knowing.

I won't forget my skipping rope

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHILD

My grandma says when she was small
She was not boisterous at all.
She never skipped a rope like me,
But sat at home, quite properly.

She got up every day at four;
She baked the bread, and scrubbed the floor;
And when her work was finished quite,
Made patchwork quilts by candle light.

When I am grown, O my, I hope
I won't forget my skipping rope,
And dolls, and all the fun I've had,
And things that aren't so very bad.

But when the hems in all my clothes
Are taken out, do you suppose
I'll scold my child, and only praise
The little girls of olden days?

Anna Bird Stewart.

Made patchwork quilts by candle light

The Magic Oat Field begins in this intriguing way:

One day as the Fairy Health sat within her Rose Arbor, there came walking down the road a tiny Elf. He had a merry face and a bright smile, and pausing beside the Garden Gate, he asked: "Does Health live here?"

The book finishes with the same flourish Scheherezade has made to countless children and grown-ups through the ages:

If ever again this cruel witch arises to destroy the children's oatmeal, turn this ring upon your finger twice and say:

"Knowledge, Knowledge,
Wherever you be,
Come, oh, come,
The children need thee!"

And as he said this, Puss waved a gay good-by and walked gracefully away.

And wraiths of Launcelot and Guinevere and King Arthur! Millions of boys and girls are sedulously scrubbing their faces each day and doing other health chores to become Modern Health Crusaders of the National Tuberculosis Association. Those that do the chores persistently may even become Knights of the Round Table. "I wish my ears belonged to my face or my neck 'cause when I wash my face I have to wash my ears and when I wash my neck I have to wash 'em again," wailed one little tot who wished to become a Crusader.

Among the most beguiling of the methods of health teaching is the Mary Gay Toy Theater originated by Stella Boothe, with the characters of Judge Scales, the Dragon, the Orange Wood Stick and others from the land of makebelieve. These, too, make themselves known to the children through the Child Health Organization.

"Yes," whispered Mary Gay, pointing a mysterious finger at the children, "and the dragon had three heads." Miss Boothe, as Mary Gay, had the elf-like, elusive quality of Maude Adams in Peter Pan, with her belief in fairies, as she told the story of the bed-time adventure in District School No. 7. The children leaned forward with pop-eyed wonder as the Dragon and the other characters bobbed and danced across the stage of the diminutive theater. "You see," said Miss Boothe in the code language of dwarfs and genii, "his three heads are I Don't Know, and I Don't Care and Too Much Trouble." The Dragon bowed his three heads, showed three glistening red tongues, and blinked his six black eyes.

In this manner Miss Boothe unfolded a series of health facts using the gossamer of fancy and the clinking of crystal shoes. There was Towel, called The Contortionist because folks always turned him inside out after they took their baths; and the Toilet Set whom the Dragon sniffed at in disdain because it was solid ivory; Miss Winifred Wienie, a disturber of the peace; Grandmother Baked Apple with her whipped cream cap; Miss Henrietta Handkerchief; Miss Prissy Drinking Cup who was not a snob but just individual.

Life insurance companies have also caught the possibilities in this new approach to the child. In fact, the most entrancing health material for children that the writer has seen is the Mother Goose book written by Elizabeth G. Watson and published by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. All the arts of the color press and the necromancy of the brothers Grimm have been called forth by some fairy wand. Here is the Sandman with his bag o' dreams upon his back and Little Tommy Tucker singing for his supper. There are such rhymes as:

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh, but it was laden
With children good to see,
Strong arms that held the sails tight,
Red cheeks that laughed at cold,
And every child upon it,
Was worth his weight in gold.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt calls this new method of health teaching the brass band which leads the procession. The theory, of course, is that too much in the past instruction in health has been directed at the adults in a community. Parents can usually be most easily reached through the child and, further, the child is the best subject in which to instill proper health knowledge. "He has no prejudices to overcome; his mind is virgin soil," says Dr. Holt. "Childhood is the golden period of life in which to teach health."

The spirit of this new teaching is summed up in the health reader for the third grade, called The Story of Rosy Cheeks and Strong Heart, also published by the Child Health Organization:

Come, be one of us. Be jolly!
And laugh and skip. Ho! Ho!
We're off for the land of sunshine,
We are so happy, Oh!

P. L. B., in Survey.

* * *

"Now I lay me down to sleep
And know the Lord my soul will keep,
For I shall wake to see the light,
For God is with me all the night."

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass.

We acknowledge with gratitude the gift of a pulpit Bible and communion set from Miss Laura Bancroft of Webster, Mass. These were formerly in use in our Webster church, now discontinued. They have been sent to Kinston, N. C., where they can be utilized.

Mrs. Katharine B. Haskell, missionary W. N. M. A., stationed in North Carolina, is in New England for the summer. She has spoken at recent conventions and in several of our churches; she was in Maine the week of May 29, in Vermont the week of June 6. She is available for a limited number of engagements during the latter part of June. Write Mrs. M. B. Wilkins, 52 Essex St., Salem, Mass., to make arrangements.

Money is needed for immediate use in connection with the preliminary work at the Clara Barton birthplace property at North Oxford. There are many "first" things to do before our plans with literature can be sent out. Gifts of money, old china, pewter, and furniture have already been made and we have promise of help when our plans are fully shaped.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA

The most recent recruit for the North Carolina Mission field is Rev. Hannah Jewett Powell, for the past two years pastor at South Portland, Maine.

Miss Powell was born in the atmosphere of our faith, and has ever been a faithful and efficient worker in its interests. Trained and experienced as a public school teacher, she served some years in New Hampshire and Maine. She then added to her college life at Colby the complete studies for the ministry at Crane Theological school, and entered upon ministerial work in 1899. In this she has served in her native state of Maine, ever with a noteworthy spirit of consecration.

Among her inherent qualities of worth were those which added to her strictly ministerial service a vital interest in community betterment and educational activities. These have ever classed her among those who were working for the best things for the community and the individual life to which she is ever giving her best thought and untiring energies. These same qualities, too, marked her as notably adapted for missionary work.

It was not unexpected, therefore, when she entered the service of the Maine Seacoast Mission, to which she gave five effective years. She left this only because of her earnest desire more directly to serve the Church of her faith.

This experience, together with several years on the State Board of the W. U. M. S. of Maine, indicate in some measure the good fortune of our W. N. M. A. in securing her for the North Carolina mission field.

She is to take up the work about Sept. 1, becoming resident pastor of our church at Sunburst, N. C. This will mean the development of one of our established preaching stations, together with the initiation of the new feature of our work—the specific mission service in the mountain region where our Sunburst (Inman's Chapel) church is located.

Dwight A. Ball.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 359 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.)

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* NOTES MNEMONIC 14. June 11. *
* Remember that we have organized *
* twenty-five new schools since the *
* beginning of 1919. Remember also *
* that every prosperous church in the *
* denomination ought to have at least *
* one mission Sunday school. We *
* will help. *

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VISITATION IN INDIANA

Stanley Manning reports that fine results are following the district rallies now being held in Indiana. The plan is for a school to go visiting and see how other people work. Any one can learn something from any one else and these get-togethers are mutually helpful. Many messages have come from Indiana this year and they all have been full of "pep" and joy.

MRS. MILLER'S PAGEANT

At the annual convention of the Kansas Sunday School Association recently held in Hutchinson, Mrs. George A. Miller, wife of our pastor, gained great credit for herself and incidentally called attention to the excellent school now being developed in the Hutchinson Universalist church. Under her direction a great pageant entitled "From Bethlehem to Hutchinson" was presented, eight hundred persons being in the cast. There were seven principal episodes, beginning with the birth of Christ and closing with the Sunday school advance in Kansas. It was universally declared that the pageant was the most noteworthy feature of the entire gathering.

Mrs. Miller is an expert in pageantry, having had supervision of many productions and having herself prepared several pageants, one of which was used by the United States Government during the war.

THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEES

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety." Let the membership committees remember this truth, especially during the summer months. In most parts of the country attendance is certain to be comparatively small during the heated period; but that does not mean that *membership* must be allowed to decrease. The committees should meet and consider what can be done to preserve during the time of separation the sense of unity. It should be arranged for teachers to keep in touch with their scholars by visits or correspondence and it may be well for the schools to send occasional letters of greeting to the absent ones. Keep it in every one's mind that when Rally Day comes there is to be a great gathering and ingathering.

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GOOD FOR THE H'S

"We are adding two or three new members almost every week," says Hartford, Conn.

"We are adding two or three new members almost every week," says Hutchinson, Kan.

These strikingly similar reports come from schools in which special attention is being given to increase of membership. Follow the example, everybody. Membership committees should keep their problems in mind all through the summer and be prepared to swell the schools in the fall. For we have the truth needed by the world.

* *

DR. JORDAN HAS HIS SAY

One fine thing about Dr. Joseph Jordan is that he is fervently and persistently grateful for every help that he receives. The Sunday schools that have contributed to the Suffolk Normal Training School will be interested in the following letter:

Dear Friends:

I am glad (I think that I ought to be the gladdest man in the world) to know that the offerings for Suffolk thus far received indicate a sustained interest in me and our Mission. I am glad also that you believe that we continue to make ourselves worthy of your support. I am here on the job 525,600 minutes to the year. I am beginning my eighteenth year, having begun on April 1, 1904. Most certainly I am glad that the young people are joining the older ones in helping my people to know God in the Universalist Church.

J. F. Jordan.

MORE OF US

It was a proud day for Mr. Samuel T. Cushing, secretary of the Massachusetts Sunday School Association, when he could go before his Convention at Melrose and report that in 1920 there was a net increase of over a thousand members in the Bay State.

Asked if there would not be an even larger increase in 1921, he replied, "Oh, certainly."

Such is the trend of things in all the states.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

June 12, morning, Hingham, Mass.
June 12, evening, Cambridge, Mass.
June 14, Pleasant Valley, Ind.
June 16, Chicago, Ill.
June 17, Palestine, Ohio.
June 19, Cincinnati, Ohio.
June 20-22, Ohio State Convention and Institute, Kent.
June 23, Pennsylvania State Convention, Linesville.
July 13-19, National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.
July 22-32, Southern Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

* *

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

The program for the National Y. P. C. U. Convention is one worthy of a large attendance, first of all among the members of the Union throughout the country, then among other young people in Universalist parishes and homes, and finally, among all who are interested in the future of the Church. The Y. P. C. U. Convention of 1921 will be the prophecy of the Universalist General Convention of 1941.

Every Universalist Church, whether it has an organized Union or not, should make sure that it will be represented. It is an investment in church leadership which will pay large dividends.

There are few churches which, with the active interest of pastor, Sunday school officers, trustees, and other workers, can not easily secure the necessary money to provide the expenses of one or two young people at this Convention. From $20 to $25 will cover all the necessary expenses in Chicago, including room, meals, excursions, etc. Provision will be made by St. Paul's Church in Chicago for Convention Mothers and Big Brothers, so that parents can send their sons and daughters with full assurance that they will be cared for in every necessary way.

There will be several parties making the trip to Chicago from various parts of the country. If any one wishes to journey in good company, send word to the Director of Young People's Work, and he will try to arrange convenient points of meeting, so that it will not be necessary to travel far alone.

Stanley Manning.

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Tentative Program of the Convention

Wednesday, July 13

7.30 p. m. Opening Song Service.
8.00 p m. Call to Order; Official Call; Roll Call.
8.15 p. m. Addresses of Welcome.
8.45 p. m. Response and President's Annual Address.
9.15 p. m. Keynote Address. Rev. Fred A. Line, Junction City, Kan.

Thursday, July 14

9.00 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning.
9.30 a. m. Business: Official Reports.
12.00 m. Lunch Hour.
1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes.
2.30 p. m. School of Union Methods.
3.30 p. m. Rest and Recreation.
7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Money."
8.15 p. m. Mass Meeting. Song Service.
8.30 p. m. Address: Mr. Arthur Nash, Cincinnati, O. "Religion in Industry."

Friday, July 15

9.00 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning.
9.30 a. m. Business. Preliminary Reports of Session Committees.
12.00 m. Lunch Hour.
1.30 p. m. Mission Study Classes.
2.30 p. m. School of Union Methods.
3.30 p. m. Rest and Recreation.
7.30 p. m. Vesper Service. "Christian Stewardship of Time."
8.15 p. m. Mass Meeting. Song Service. Addresses: Rev. Nelson Lobdell, recently of Shizuoka, Japan. Rev. Warren Ballou Brigham, Boston, Mass., "The Flaming Cross."

Saturday, July 16

6.30 a. m. Quiet Hour Service. Subject, "Christian Stewardship of Life." Leader, Mr. Lambert J. Case, Muncie, Ind.
8.30 a. m. Missionary Prayer Meeting. Leader, Rev. Stanley Manning.
9.00 a. m. Mission Study Classes.
10.00 a. m. Business. Final Reports. New Business.
1.00 p. m. Lunch Hour.
Afternoon for rest and recreation.
5.00 p. m. Reception at Ryder House.
6.30 p. m. Convention Banquet.
8.30 p. m. Pageant.

Sunday, July 17

10.00 a. m. Communion Service in charge of Rev. L. Ward Brigham, D. D., of St. Paul's on the Midway.
10.45 a. m. Morning Worship, Occasional Sermon.
3.00 p. m. Service of Silence.
3.30 p. m. Consecration Service. Conducted by Rev. George Cross Baner, Akron, O.
7.30 p. m. Closing Mass Meeting. Address: Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D.

Monday, July 18

Excursions and pleasure parties.
7.30 p. m. Play, "The Prophet of Good Luck," presented by Y. P. C. U. of Muncie, Ind.

Tuesday, July 19

Excursions and pleasure parties.

For the Quiet Hour

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies. If we can not sing about them, we can at least think about them. Thinking about them is a means of grace. Meditating on God's dealings begets in us a spirit of humility. It cultivates a feeling of dependence and trustfulness which is a fountain of joy and strength.

Charles E. Jefferson.

We know Jesus Christ, not only by the study of his life and teachings, but by sharing in his purpose for the race and by participation in his spirit. It is this that enables us to see life whole, and to put ourselves in the way of gaining a fuller measure of the life complete. Through our fellowship with him we come to the point where we see life in its deeper, hidden attitudes, as well as on its surface; we see its upper, unseen relations as well as those upon its own level; we see its ultimate future, beyond the event we call death, as well as the pressing claims of the immediate present. We see life whole through Christ and by our personal fellowship with him we are increasingly enabled to possess that rounded life for ourselves.

Charles Reynolds Brown.

We may resolve to keep a cheerful countenance. A serene face helps to make a serene soul. Look cheerful no matter how you feel. Look steadily on the bright side of life.

George Hodges.

If we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with others.

George Macdonald.

Thus, these brethren, receiving of the same Spirit from their Head, Christ, are most strongly bent to the good one of another. If there be but a thorn in the foot, the back boweth, the head stoops down, the eyes look, the hands reach to it; and endeavor its help and ease; in a word, all the members partake of the good and evil, one of another. Now, by how much this body is more spiritual and lively, so much the stronger must the union and love of the parts of it be each to every other.

Robert Leighton.

Among Our Churches

Southern Letter

Some time ago a friend said to me: "If you will stay in the South two years you will never leave it." Six months of that time has passed. And this delightful summer day, as I sit on my broad porch, covered with a beautiful wistaria, with the most magnificent hydrangeas almost within reach of my hand; with a mocking-bird singing in the chinaberry tree, and just beyond him a cardinal; with the knowledge that dinner is being prepared from the peas and potatoes and lettuce and cucumbers from my own garden, and home grown peaches for dessert—well, it doesn't really seem as though it would take two years. But the charm of the delightful climate, the birds and fruit and flowers, is as nothing compared with the charm of the people. What the South was ten years ago has little comparison with what it is to-day. What the South will be ten years hence has less comparison with what it is to-day. But what of our Church? Well, I shall not tell you all, for there are some things not yet ready to be told. There are some things I think you will be interested in, however. * * **A Permanent Fund.**—The Alabama Convention has started out to raise a $100,000 endowment. We realize the need of constant income by which we shall sustain ourselves and carry on our missionary work. Already, several thousand dollars have been paid into this fund, and more has been subscribed. * * **A New Church.**—Birmingham is not only one of the great cities of the South, but because of its proximity to vast coal and iron deposits, is destined to become one of the great cities of America. Soon after coming South I began preaching here. On the first Sunday of April we organized, with twenty-five charter members, the First Universalist Church of Birmingham. Almost immediately we secured a pastor for this church, and the problem of financing the infant was on our hands. We needed at least $1,500. The old way was to go to the National Board asking for an appropriation. But this is the New South, and the former things have passed away. The Birmingham church subscribed one half. The people of Alabama have given—not quite all the rest, but nearly so. We will get what we need. As one man said, when I appealed to his church, "I have always prayed that we might have a church in Birmingham, and I want to back up my prayers with my money." On the first of May we installed the Rev. Charles E. Clark as pastor of the Birmingham church. * * **Brewton.**—No better place from which to go fishing exists in America. No more royal fishermen live anywhere. Our pastor here, Brother Crumpton, knows where to let down the net, and some day he is going to launch out into the deep; then you shall hear from him. The Brewton church is planning quite extensive changes and repairs for this summer. Recently there was organized here a most enthusiastic Y. P. C. U. It started with fifteen members. It has already grown to twenty-four. This Union is planning to send a delegate to Chicago and also to Chattanooga, and to do other things. We expect to have a new state Union in a short time. * * **New Mission Circles.**—Down in Chapman, Alabama, there is a union church. The Baptist part of this church organized a women's guild. The Universalist part of this church said, "We want a Mission Circle." So I let my private secretary off for a couple of days and she went down to Chapman. And the ladies organized a Circle with sixteen members, which has grown to twenty-four. And all in this Circle who are not members of the Universalist church are beginning to realize that they may just as well be Universalists first as last. We have no church in Montgomery. But constantly we discover Universalists, or people who are religiously minded as we are. A few days ago my private secretary organized a Circle here, with eight charter members, and others have signified their intention of joining. A Sunday school is the only thing we have not organized in the last six months. But give us time. One is on the way. * * I haven't space to tell you of our evangelistic meetings; our Murray Lectureship; our preparation for the Southern League, and the National Convention at Detroit. Just come down and sit with me among the roses. And after a real Southern dinner, we will sip a limeade and I will tell you all about what we have done and what we hope to do for the Universalist Church in the great Southland.

F. B. Bishop.

Mid-West Letter

Friday, April 15, was a beautiful day in Indianapolis, where for two weeks the "Good News Revival Campaign" had been in progress. After the closing service that evening, the pastor, Rev. Edwin Cunningham—one of those ministers so prosperous that he can afford a car, not a Ford either—drove me to the station. He left me in the company of John Foster Clifford, president of the Indiana State Convention, with whom I had a short conference until the train started. I reached Chicago the next morning in a storm so severe that I could not reach Western Headquarters. The snow and hail fairly pelted the helpless pedestrians, and it was nearly impossible to move on the sidewalks and dangerous even to attempt to cross the streets. I had to content myself by telephoning to Miss Magraw, and requesting to have my mail forwarded to Markesan. That afternoon I left Chicago for Markesan *via* Milwaukee. The storm was still raging with unabated fury, and the wind blew a gale. Before I reached Milwaukee the snow was fairly drifting over the fences. The train pulled into Milwaukee an hour late, and I just had time to board the train for Markesan. Just outside of Milwaukee we were stalled in a snow bank. Instead of reaching Markesan at 8 p. m., as scheduled, the train arrived at midnight. There at the station, standing erect, in the full strength of great physique, was that inimitable Galusha Allen King, for many years the hero of our faith in Wichita, Kan., but now pastor in Markesan. The next day was fine, and by evening the snow had disappeared. The battle was on. "The Good News Revival Campaign" had begun. Large audiences came. By the middle of the second week, interest was at its height. At the suggestion of the pastor's wife, the ladies of the church (for it was a ladies' church) gave a supper and invited about sixty men. After a most excellent supper, and a short talk by the Mid-West Superintendent, seventeen men signed the Murray Crusade Membership cards. The following Sunday, thirty-five men and women were received into the church, twenty-seven of whom were men. Two others who had signed the cards were absent, making thirty-seven in all. Nothing like it in Markesan was ever seen before, they said, and many could scarcely believe their own eyes. Markesan went "over the top" in the Crusade, for the church had less than thirty-five actual members to begin with. This church is on the Universalist map to stay. Mr. King is a good pastor and preacher, and is doing a great work in Markesan. He hopes to build a parsonage, which will be a great asset to the church property. * * The next point of attack was La Crosse, Wis. There was once a prosperous church here, but, through a succession of unfortunate circumstances, it has gone to pieces. For over three years, no preaching has been maintained, and the congregation has dwindled down to a mere handful of people. It was difficult to persuade the people not to "give up the ship," but after several meetings and conferences, and considerable

advertising, it was voted to try again, and so a pastor has been called, and the Rev. Nellie Mann Opdale of Chicago will begin her active pastorate in LaCrosse Sept. 1. Mrs. Opdale was pastor here eighteen or twenty years ago, and joyfully accepts the call to return to the church, which in those days was one of the leading churches of the city, with a Sunday school of about two hundred. * * Recently I went to Hoopeston, Ill., where Rev. H. H. Hoyt is pastor. Mr. Hoyt has a beautiful church, a fine congregation, and a good Sunday school, with every department of the church thoroughly organized and at work. The Comrades have a membership of fifty-five. After being constantly in smaller parishes, and preaching nearly all the time in dormant churches, I took great pleasure in preaching to the Hoopeston church. * * I also had a delightful visit to Elgin, where Dr. Adams invited me to tell something of the work in the district. The Elgin church is one of the largest and most wide-awake churches in the Mid-West. Audiences range from 350 to 500, and every department is a bee-hive of activity. Dr. Adams is popular with the public as well as in his own church. * * Every church in the Mid-West District that has a preacher is doing good work and making progress.

Luther Riley Robinson.

Kentucky Letter

May has been a remarkable month for the Universalist Church in Kentucky. It has marked a noteworthy advance of the work, the most decided in a good many years. And what has been accomplished may be regarded as only a prelude to greater things. Since the beginning of the Murray Membership Crusade some of us have been busy putting our house in order. We have been doing what we could to organize our forces for a general advance. The work has been progressing quietly, but, we believe, efficiently. On May 5, the Rev. L. Ward Brigham of St. Paul's Church, Chicago, came to us under the auspices of the Murray Lectureship, and remained until Sunday, May 29. He spoke on an average of about once a day while he was in the state. * * The first series of evangelistic meetings was held at Hopkinsville, the home of the State Superintendent. Services began on the 5th and ended on the 15th. Audiences ranged from about forty to 250. Fifteen new members were added to the church, making a total of twenty-four for this church since October last, a gain of about forty per cent. * * The next series was at Crofton. Here the meetings lasted for just one week. The average audience was about 150. Four new members were added to the church, and everybody experienced a genuine revival of interest. * * The last series of meetings was held at Dawson Springs, which has been one of our missions. For a number of years Universalists have been moving into this health resort from other communities, and for some time we have been planning to start a church there. At the conclusion of the service on the evening of May 19, all in the audience who desired to begin the organization of a church were requested to stand up. More than twenty responded. On the following evening we organized a church with twenty-five members, and by the conclusion of the meetings seven more names were added, making a total of thirty-two. Of this number, twenty-two were transferred from other churches and ten united on profession of faith. The first service at Dawson Springs was held in a grove, but an invitation having been received from the Primitive Baptists to hold the remaining services in their church, we accepted their generous offer. It is planned to build as soon as conditions will permit. * * Dr. Brigham has rendered a great service by coming to Kentucky. His messages were truly evangelistic, and met with a hearty response from our people everywhere. During Dr. Brigham's period of service among us, we added twenty-nine members to our churches on profession of faith. Others will follow, and Kentucky is bound to make a good showing at the next session of our General Convention.

Thomas Chapman.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

June 17-19. Missouri State Convention, Elmer.

June 20-23. Ohio State Convention, Kent.

June 21-23. Pennsylvania State Convention, Linesville.

June 23-25. Missionary Institute, at Tufts College, Mass.

July 13-19. National Y. P. C. U. Convention, Chicago.

July 16-Sept. 5. Murray Grove, N. J.

July 22-31. Chattanooga Institute.

July 31-August 21. Ferry Beach Institute.

Aug. 12-14. Texas State Convention, Elgin.

Sept. 11-17. Sunday School and Y. P. C. U. Institute, Chicago.

September 20-22. Illinois State Convention, Galesburg.

Sept. 26-29. Maine State Convention, Waterville.

Sept. 27-29. New Hampshire State Convention, Nashua.

Oct. 15-18. General Sunday School Association Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19-23. General Convention, Detroit.

Oct. 19. W. N. M. A. Biennial Convention, Detroit, Mich.

Oct. 22. Biennial meeting, National Order Universalist Comrades, Detroit, Mich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1921

Before reported	2,811
New Haven, Ct.	1
Dawson Springs, Ky.	10
Perry, N. Y.	2
Kent, Ohio	2
Manchester, Ind.	2
Smithton, Pa.	1
Total	2,829

CHRISTENINGS

Before reported, 143. Smithton, Pa., 5. Total, 148.

PERSONAL

The Rev. L. O. Williams of Buffalo, N. Y., will visit friends on the Pacific Coast during the summer.

Dr. Thomas Edward Potterton of Brooklyn, N. Y., sails on June 15 for Europe.

District of Columbia

Washington.—Dr. Harold Marshall preached a strong and helpful sermon for us May 29, meeting many of our people also in private, and filling us with hope for the new plans of the Universalist Publishing House.

Indiana

Manchester.—Rev. Pearl Patrick, pastor. More than forty were present at a very interesting business meeting Saturday evening, May 28, which was followed by a social hour, when ice cream and strawberry shortcake were served. Such meetings are held monthly, insuring not only businesslike methods but fostering a spirit of fellowship. Two members were received into the church May 29.

Maine

Portland.—Although without a pastor since the first of January, the church has maintained all its activities. Two young men, members of the Y. P. C. U., united with the church Maundy Thursday. On May 10 a fellowship meeting was held. At the roll call, following a fine supper, sixty-five responded. Letters from former pastors and from friends of the church, now moved away, were read. Ada Simonds, now of Rocky River, Ohio, who returned last December from a year's work at the Blackmer Home, wrote most interestingly of her experiences.

Massachusetts

Gloucester.—By invitation of Colonel Allen Post 45, of the Grand Army of the

Republic, Rev. John Clarence Lee, D. D., delivered the Memorial Day address on Monday evening, May 30, in the Gloucester City Hall.

Brockton.—Rev. George Wilson Scudder, pastor. The pastor exchanged pulpits May 8 with Rev. L. W. Attwood of Abington. The annual May party under the auspices of the Livermore class was a very successful event, netting nearly $200. The annual meeting of the Ladies' Social Circle held recently revealed an active and successful year of service. Over $700 was turned into the treasury of the church. The Camp-fire Girls served a salad supper in the vestry, May 21, to over two hundred guests. The Mission Circle held a rummage sale for the Doolittle Home, and the Mothers' Club also held a similar sale. The historical drama, "The Prophet of Good Luck," was given May 24 under the auspices of the Abington Mission Circle by a cast from that church directed by Mrs. Mary Shaw Attwood. It was successful both as a money maker and as an educational demonstration of denominational history. It would pay every church to present it.

Springfield, St. Paul's.—Rev. Delmar E. Trout, pastor. A service marked by several notable addresses and attended by a large audience took place at the installation of Mr. Trout as the new pastor May 22. The outstanding need of reverence as the foundation on which the present shattered civilization of the world must be rebuilt was the theme of the sermon by Dr. Tomlinson of Worcester. Welcome was extended by Dr. Philip S. Moxom, pastor *emeritus* of the South Congregational Church. Rev. Albert Hammatt of Longmeadow, Dr. Clarence E. Rice, Mr. Trout's predecessor, Dr. George E. Leighton, and Rev. Elmer D. Colcord of the Second Church, took part in the installation.

New York

Little Falls.—Rev. H. M. Cary, pastor. At the annual meeting, following a fine supper, reports showed the church in splendid condition. Mr. Doxtator, as collector, explained that the reason why total receipts exceeded the pledges was because a number of people seemed to make a practise of over-paying their pledges. After a discussion of the big drive, lead by Abram Zoller, a resolution was presented and voted upon. A committee of three was appointed to work on the Murray Crusade.

Washington Heights.—Rev. Clarence J. Harris, pastor. Mr. Harris has united with Mr. Ove C. Sparre of our Prescott Memorial Mission for a boys' summer camp at Stahahe Lake at the foot of Lookout Mountain on the Hudson. An interesting descriptive pamphlet is being sent out. The cost for a boy at camp for ten weeks is $125.

Rochester.—Rev. W. W. Rose, pastor. On Sunday, June 5, Raymond H. Arnot supplied the pulpit, giving a splendid address on "The Laymen's View of the Church." The annual business of the Rochester Federation of Churches was held early in May, attended by nearly a hundred delegates. In many cities, Detroit for instance, Universalists are excluded from such organizations, yet Mr. Rose has been a member of two important committees, and Mr. Lovejoy was last year a member of the executive committee.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. Herbert E. Benton, pastor. On June 8 the Comrades held a Ladies' Night, when Dr. Thomas Eldridge gave an illustrated lecture on ballooning and aviation. Since April 1920 Messiah people have kept alive thirteen orphan children, and have sent more than eight hundred articles of clothing to Armenia. Over $1000 was given to the Messiah Home on Donation Day.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The Men's Club, organized less than three years ago, has grown steadily until it is one of the most active and loyal societies in the parish. It has not depended upon the attraction of special speakers and feasts, but its members have come together each month solely on the appeal of sociability and loyalty to the growth of the church. Its membership is now about sixty. On May 19 the annual meeting of the Women's Missionary Association of Rhode Island was held in this church, when Mrs. Haskell, the field worker in the South, was the chief speaker.

Wisconsin

Wausau.—Rev. William J. Tayler, pastor. This church is planning to keep the Sunday school open all summer, giving a fine religious-recreational course. It has also arranged for a six-weeks course in a community school to be held in one of the public schools or the Y. M. C. A. A special corps of paid workers will be in attendance. The pastor of the church gave the baccalaureate sermon before the high school graduating class this year.

* *

THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT'S ENGAGEMENTS

June 11 and 12. Kansas Convention.
June 14 and 15. Hutchinson, Kansas.
June 18 and 19. Missouri Convention.
June 21 and 22. Pensylvania Convention.
June 23. Ohio Convention.

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CHANNING-MURRAY SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

The eleventh annual meeting of the Channing-Murray Sunday School Union was held May 3 in the Unitarian church at Petersham, Mass., Rev. W. F. Skerrye of Templeton presiding. Parker B. Field, superintendent of the Children's Mission, Boston, gave a most interesting address in the morning upon the scope and work of the Mission, stating that one of its principal aims was to keep the children in their own homes or with near relatives. Rev. H. Van Ommeren of Gardner spoke on "Child Welfare Work at Home," dwelling particularly on the work that is being done in Gardner by the Nurses' Clinic. The principal address in the afternoon was by Rev. Isabella S. Macduff of the Universalist Church of Leominster, who spoke on "Child Welfare Work in Foreign Lands."

* *

PRESERVE THE UNIVERSALIST SHRINE

Good Luck, Murray Grove, N. J.

The birthplace of Universalism in America is now a truly denominational institution, the entire property being owned by the Universalist General Convention, and all trust funds created for its benefit will be held and managed by the Board of Trustees of the General Convention.

The hotel was last year enlarged and modernized, and is now equipped with baths, electric lights, adequate water supply and a sanitary sewage disposal plant, which, together with a road to the Bay, cost approximately $25,000, all of which has been provided for except $10,000 which we are confident will be quickly subscribed by loyal Universalists.

We invite contributions in large and small amounts, especially advance payments of memberships for three or five years.

Send remittances or pledges to Rev. Roger F. Etz., Secretary of the General Convention, or to E. M. Waller, 6312 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia, President of the Murray Grove Association, and acknowledgment will be made through this column.

The following have already contributed

Wm. H. Hart, Jr., Philadelphia, Messiah $100
Wm. H. Lyman, Philadelphia, Messiah 100
Mrs. E. M. Waller, Philadelphia, Messiah 100
E. M. Waller, Philadelphia, Messiah .. 100

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UNIVERSALIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY

For its 87th year the following officers and directors were elected at the annual meeting of this Society at Ballou Hall, Boston, May 24: President, Hosea S. Ballou, Brookline; vice-president, Rev. J. Clarence Lee, D. D., Gloucester; secretary, Rev. Warren B. Brigham, Grove Hall, Boston; treasurer, Llewellyn D. Seaver, Boston; librarian, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Tufts College; directors, the above named and Rev. Anson Titus, Somerville, and Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, D. D., New Haven, Ct. There are corresponding secretaries for most of the states and for foreign countries, and committees to promote the varied activities of the Society.

Later in the afternoon members and

friends met on College Hill in the gallery of portraits of the founders and benefactors of Tufts College, Packard Chapel. Attention was called to the fact that May 27 was the 60th anniversary of the death there of Hosea Ballou, 2d, in 1834 the first president of the Historical Society, in 1839-40 the leading promoter of the Theological School then organized by Dr. Oliver Dean, Timothy Cotting, Benjamin B. Muzzey, Thomas Whittemore and others for that very location on "Walnut Hill," and where as first president of Tufts College Dr. Ballou died May 27, 1861. In speaking on "Early Associations of College Hill," Prof. Chas. E. Fay emphasized the isolation and the hardships of our forefathers there, which he illustrated by reading certain of Dr. Ballou's humorous writings, notably his well-known "Border Ode," printed in his "Life and Letters." By aid of two blackboard sketches Professor Fay also visualized the early physical conditions and contrasted them with the attractive grounds and improvements in the neighborhood in the past sixty years.

Prof. Leo R. Lewis afterwards spoke in detail of the first president's house as occupied by Dr. Ballou, and later, removed to its present site, by the late Dean Leonard for some years, and now for more than thirty years Professor Lewis's home.

* *

DEATH OF REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD

Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford died in Rochester, N. Y., June 2, at the age of ninety-two. An account of her life will appear later.

* *

Notices

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

Field Day at Tufts College, Saturday, June 25

Program

2-3 p. m. Register at Packard Hall. Look around the "Hill." All the college buildings will be open, including the Barnum Museum, the home of the famous "Jumbo." "Whistle for the Universalist Comrades" and get acquainted.

3 p. m. Ball game at Tufts Oval. Melrose versus West Somerville. *A regular game.*

6 p. m. Banquet in Goddard Gymnasium.

7.15 p. m. Singing.

7.30 p. m. Addresses by John A. Cousens, President of Tufts College, Rev. Nelson L. Lobdell of the Japan Mission, and Bishop Edwin H. Hughes of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Banquet tickets, $1.50, may be ordered from a representative in the local church or from Alvar W. Polk, secretary, 359 Boylston St., Boston, to whom checks should be made payable. All orders must be in hand not later than Wednesday, June 22.

* *

MISSOURI STATE CONVENTION

The annual session of the Missouri Universalist State Convention will be held June 16-18 at the First Church at Elmer.

Dr. John Smith Lowe, and Dr. Joseph M. Tilden, president of Lombard College, are to be speakers.

Invitation

The First Church of Elmer invites all Universalists of Missouri to the annual session of the State Convention. Delegates and visitors will be entertained by the church.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE CONVENTION

Linesville, June 21-23

Tuesday, June 21, 10 a. m. Organization. Address of Welcome by George Stratton. Response by the President, E. M. Waller. Appointment of Committees. Reading of reports. 1.30 p. m. Session of the Sunday School Association. Address by Rev. John Sayles. 7.30 p. m. Devotional Service—Rev. E. C. Sweetser, D. D. Occasional sermon by Rev. H. E. Benton. Communion Service by Rev. J. L. Dowson. Offering for Gunn Ministerial Relief Fund.

Wednesday, June 22, 9 a. m. Devotional meeting, Rev. George F. Morton. 10 a. m. Roll Call and reading of minutes. Report of Committee on Official Reports. 1.30 p. m. Report of Committee on Nominations. Address by Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D. Ministers' Meeting. 7.30 p. m. Devotional service—Rev. William H. McGlauflin, D. D. Addresses by Rev. John Sayles and Rev. Clinton Scott.

Thursday, June 23. Women's Missionary Assoication in the morning. Convention of the Y. P. C. U. in the afternoon.

Invitation

The Linesville parish will cordially welcome delegates and visitors to the Pennsylvania Universalist Convention to be held here June 21-23. Room and breakfast will be provided free, dinners and suppers to be furnished in the parish house by the Cheerful Workers at moderate prices. All who intend to come are requested to send their names to Mrs. Ida Stratton, Linesville, Pa., as early as possible.

Linesville is on the main line between Pittsburg and Erie of the Pennsylvania railroad, fourteen miles from Meadville, with trolley connection.

J. L. Dowson, Pastor.

* *

CHENANGO ASSOCIATION

The Chenango Association of Universalists will meet at Upper Lisle, N. Y., June 18-19. All Universalists in that section of the state are cordially invited. Those desiring accommodations over night should communicate with George C. Porter of Upper Lisle.

Chas. C. Lamb, Clerk.

* *

WANTED

Fifteen hundred men to attend the National Convention at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19-23. Saturday, Oct. 22, will be Comrades Day. A big program is planned. Live men at this Convention means a live future for our Church. Sign up without delay. Now is the time to plan for the trip.

Lewis L. Peck,
National Transportation and Publicity Manager.

* *

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letters of transfer issued by the Massachusetts Convention to Rev. Hugo A. Perdelwitz and by the New Hampshire Convention to Rev. J. Frank Thompson have been accepted by the Maine Fellowship Committee.

Arthur M. Soule, Secretary.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Adeline Ruth Smith

Mrs. Adeline Ruth Smith died recently at the home of her son, Rev. Ashley A. Smith, pastor of the Bangor, Me., Universalist Church. Mrs. Smith was born in Belgrade, Me., in 1835. For more than fifty years she lived in Auburn, coming to Bangor a few months ago from the South, where she had recently resided. She was a member of the Auburn Universalist church, and long a loyal supporter of Universalism.

Mrs. Sarah Hawes

Mrs. Sarah Hawes died at Canton, Mass., May 2, at the age of seventy-four. She was a life-long member and enthusiastic supporter of the Universalist church.

Mrs. Flavia Ellis

Mrs. Flavia Ellis died in Chicago at the Home for Incurables, on Thursday, April 21. Brief services were held in Chicago and the body was then taken back to Waterloo, Quebec, to be laid beside her husband and son. Mrs. Ellis was the moving spirit in our little church at Waterloo during her days of health. Few know our faith as intelligently as she knew it, and she was a very notable teacher of that faith in her church and Sunday school. Her husband died, and then her oldest son, and she came to Chicago to live with a younger son, but circumstances finally made it best for her to take a room in the Home where she died. She was a woman of strong and beautiful intelligence and character, who loved God and her neighbor in the spirit of her great Master, all her life long.

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Pahson 'low it take a heap o' talk t' on-fold de truf in a sarmon, but de trouble wid him, he keeps on er-talkin' twell he gin'ally fold it back up er-gin!—"*Hambone,*" *in Boston Herald.*

* *

Junior was in the habit of coming to the table with a dirty face and, of course, had to be sent away to wash.

One time his mother, nearly losing patience, said: "Junior, why do you persist in coming to the table without washing? You know I always send you away."

"Well," said Junior, meekly, "once you forgot."—*Chicago Tribune.*

* *

She looked at him doubtfully after the proposal. "The man I marry," she said, "must be both brave and brainy."

"Well," he declared, "I think I can lay just claim to being both."

"I admit you are brave," she responded, "for you saved my life when our boat upset the other day; but that wasn't brainy, was it?"

"It certainly was," he retorted. "I upset the boat on purpose."—*Exchange.*

* *

Artist (in desperation): "That, sir, I consider the finest in my exhibition. You can have it for half the catalog price."

The Visitor: "Bless my soul! You don't say so. By the way, what is the price of the catalog?"—*Punch (London).*

* *

"The worst about the Bolsheviki is that they don't respect the law. Will you join me in a drink?"

"But I thought whiskey was illegal?"

"So it is. But, then, who takes any notice of the law?"—*Hvepsen (Christiania).*

* *

"Wot's this 'ere 'ome rule fer Ireland, Garge?"

"Well, it's like this 'ere: if my missus wants a new 'at, an' I tell 'er the old 'at looks fine an' she slings the kettle at me an' I buys 'er a new 'at—well, that's wot 'ome rule is!"—*The Passing Show (London).*

* *

The man who boasts of having an "open mind" often mistakes a vacancy for an opening.—*Columbia Record.*

* *

Less than a third of the world's population is white. And only about 10 per cent of those act that way.—*Canton Repository.*

* *

Big Bill Haywood prefers Russia to the penitentiary at Leavenworth. There is no accounting for tastes.—*Boston Transcript.*

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Why don't some of those interviewers ask Einstein if he understands the Irish question?—*Columbia Record.*

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The latest fashion news is that the girls aren't going to wear the short skirts any longer.—*Boston Globe.*

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